Volume LXXII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 20, 1913 Number 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

ALCOHOL

Some Think: It is only Heavy Drinking that harms.

Experiments Show: That even Moderate Drinking Injures Health and Lessens Efficiency.

Some Think: Alcohol braces us for hard work and against fatigue.

Experiments Show: That Alcohol in no way increases muscular strength or endurance.

Alcohol Lowers Vitality and Opens the Door to Disease

Resolved, at the International Congress on Tuberculosis, 1905, to combine the Fight Against Alcohol with the Struggle Against Tuberculosis.

At the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, the use of Alcohol as a medicine declined 77% in eight years.

OUR PRISON COMMISSIONERS REPORTED THAT 95% OF THOSE WHO WENT TO PRISON IN 1911 HAD INTEMPERATE HABITS.

Yet the Public Says: We need the Revenue from Liquor.

THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW—HOW SMALL IS THE REVENUE COMPARED WITH THE COSTS OF CARRYING THE WRECKAGE.

YOUR MONEY SUPPORTS THIS WRECKAGE.

YOUR WILL ALLOWS IT.

YOUR INDIFFERENCE ENDANGERS YOUR NATION.

Commercialized Vice is promoted through Alcohol.

CITIZENS, THINK!

ARRAYED AGAINST ALCOHOL ARE ECONOMY, SCIENCE, EFFICIENCY, HEALTH, MORALITY
—THE VERY ASSETS OF A NATION.
—THE VERY SOUL OF A PEOPLE.

THINK!

"Think-It-Over" Poster Committee,
11 Mason St., Cambridge, Mass.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1913. NUMBER 12.

MY COMPANY OF FRIENDS.

Lord, let me thank Thee for the rains
And for the sunshine and the dew,
For the grass that carpets hills and plains,
For flowers that make glad the view,
For snow that hides the naked trees,
For all that in completeness blends;
They have brought comfort, all of these—
These, and my company of friends.

These are the things that make me rich;
My heart where faith still holds its place,
My hands that have no miser-itch
To grasp the prize before the race,
My soul that waits its day, serene,
A hope that falters not, nor ends
When life seems sordid, crude and mean—
These, and my company of friends.

As some worn pilgrim tells his beads
I count today my scanty store
That is sufficient for my needs,
But deep within my being's core
There is a truer thankfulness
For this rare goodness that life sends.
I would not ask for more to bless
Than this, my company of friends.

Though I might heap up gold and gear
And, prideful, have a ruler's sway,
Without my friends I know my year
Would not have held a happy day;
Though I am grateful for what gain
My simple toiling comprehends,
I know my life would be in vain
Without my company of friends.

Lord, bless them all, for I am glad
Because today I call them mine—
I would not give them up to add
Unto my store of corn and wine.
I thank Thee for this year of peace,
But I am one who now commends
To Thee for blessings without cease
His goodly company of friends.

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

The "Immortals" in Art and Letters have recently been holding high conclave in Chicago, immortalizing themselves. It is characteristic of this Yankee nation not to trust too much to posterity. The forethought of these gentlemen is commendable. They might be forgotten by future generations were it not for this timely provision on their part. Indeed Chicago welcomes these men who have endeared themselves to us in literature, and on canvas immortalized the beauties of nature to which we were otherwise blind. But, gentlemen, you might as well move up a little and make room on the bench for a few women or else there will be trouble, and we will be among the trouble-makers!

Houghton-Mifflin advertise the appearance of Volumes IX and X of Emerson's Journals, edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo E. Forbes. We read these lines with pleasure, but the next line which calls them the "two final volumes" comes with a shock. The ten goodly volumes so filled with live comments upon men and things, so revealing of the age he lived in, and interpretative of the spirit he represented, only sharpens the appetite for more. But blessed is the providence that has supplemented the twelve volumes of the definitive edition of his marvelous writings with these other ten volumes which form an illuminating commentary upon the text. Happy is the life that has basked in the Emerson sunlight, one that knows not the joy of his pages misses a great endowment and has failed to enter into a rich inheritance.

It is of more than passing significance that the University of Chicago is to offer, at the end of the winter quarter, four lectures on "Aspects of Islamism," to be delivered by Dr. Christian S. Hurgronje, professor of the Arabic language and Islam at the University of Leyden, and also adviser to the Ministry on Colonial Affairs. The lectures are to treat specifically of "Mohammed," "Features Common to Mohammedanism and Modern Thought," "Features in Mohammedanism Opposed to Modern Thought," and "Possibilities of an Understanding." The western world, in its Christian conceit, is too slow to recognize the fact that Islam is a living religion, exerting immense influence on great sections of humanity. It cannot be all bad, it certainly is not all good. What religion in its practical manifestation is? Mohammedanism strikes its roots into the same soil as Christianity; it is a powerful, and to those who understand it, a winsome and lovable faith in the one infinite power, with his ninety-nine names representing its Pearls of Faith.

Of making special Sunday programs there seems to be no end. All kinds of causes, issues and "isms" claim their day. Soon we will not have Sundays enough to go round. And now there is a demand for a Tuberculosis Sunday. December 7 is asked for. This request has aroused the ire of a brother in Toronto, who asks for one Sunday, at least, to call special attention to the Bible, which he thinks offers sufficient literature with which to fight tuberculosis. We share the brother's desire to economize Sundays, and we resent having our days picked out for us,

but certainly the modern comment on the Bible issued by the M. D.'s is often more profitable, and to our mind more religious, than much of the exegetical work perpetrated on Sunday by the D. D.'s The gospel of the bathtub, with all reverence, oftentimes has more remedial power than the gospel of deep water baptism. Less whiskey and more water is good doctrine to preach on Sunday. The suggestion that the seventh of December be made a Bible Sunday may do for some preachers, but it is not time enough for us. We want more than one Sunday in year.

The *Biblical World* says, "Strange as it may seem, we owe to the Puritan the one festival of the American cycle that centers about the dinner table." It might also add, with equal truthfulness, that it has installed at the head of that table the grandmother, to whose proclamation there is greater response than to that of the President, governors, or even the mothers. Holy-days grow slowly, the ritual of religion is a thing of centuries in all faiths, not withstanding certain adverse and desecrating circumstances. There is reason to believe that democracy as developed in the United States is offering to the calendar of religion two, and perhaps three, holy-days that are unique growths, native to the American soil and life, viz.: Thanksgiving Day, Commemoration Day, and the less developed as yet but in the way of consecration let us hope, Labor Day. Fortunately these days are distributed throughout the year. They have perforce a strong nature root as perhaps all permanent festivals must have. Christmas and Easter sprang from astronomical sources. They are sun festivals developed and enriched by the growth of human experience. So our Memorial Day comes in the season of roses, when nature is most radiant. Thanksgiving comes at the season of the ingathering when the bounteous field, garden and orchard, fill the granaries and the cellars of the thrifty; and Labor Day comes as a relaxation at the close of the strenuous harvest season or as the beginning of another year's toil; it is the end of vacation, an introduction to another year's work in school and shop. As yet, Labor Day is a city experiment, but the country needs holidays, and labor needs glorification on the farm as in the mill, and all these need the sanctifying touch of religion. When in celebrating holidays we forget that they are holy-days, they degenerate and become a curse and not a blessing. Welcome, thrice welcome, the coming Thanksgiving Day, a new holy-day added to the sacred calendar by the Puritant fore-elders.

Lucius Hopkins Miller, professor of Biblical Instruction in Princeton University, has a significant article in the November number of the *Biblical World* concerning the sources of our information regarding the life of Jesus. Here is a professor in one of the most conservative seats of learning in America setting forth in clear terms the conclusions of New Testament scholars as to the slow growth of the New Testament material out of vague, varying and uncertain sources. He deals with the common places of the scholar, but with the material of which the average orthodox Sunday School worker is either ignorant or else ignores and resents. The first twenty-five years after Jesus' death are years of oral tradition only, the Logia-Document material and the gospel of Mark based on the tradition of Peter, followed about 70 A. D.; then came from 75-90 A. D., our present Mathew and Luke, with the "Logia-Document" and Mark and much other material at their hand; and lastly, the first decade of the second century, some Christian disciple living in Asia Minor, inheriting the inspirations that came from the Apostle John, wrote the fourth gospel, which bears the name of the beloved disciple. In the same frank way this Princeton professor discusses "the four questions which give the thoughtful the most concern," namely, the virgin birth, the physical resurrection, the miracles, and the question as to what extent the early Christians colored their reports of Jesus' teaching. If the minister-graduates of the Princeton Theological School,—and similar reputable training schools for preachers which accept essentially the conclusions of Professor Miller,—would but make plain these conclusions of scholars in their bible classes and Sunday School teachers' meetings, there would follow—first, church ructions, then, a revival of church interest to be followed by spiritual growth and social redemption.

Charles S. Macfarland, secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, writes sanely, with a degree of authority, on the growth and significance of federal unity, in the November number of the *Biblical World*. He is disposed to ascribe the origin of our various denominations and sects to a demand for freedom. Perhaps there was a larger element of dogmatic slavery to the letter and an over emphasis of the importance of chapter and verse, a magnifying of the importance of biblical exegisis. All the sects of Protestantism, the Universalists and Unitarians included, sprang from textual controversy. They arose out of disputes concerning "how readest thou?" But this article promptly arrives at the heart of the matter when we read:

> One of the most startling of modern discoveries is that we have been so sadly and thoughtlessly wasteful. We have wasted our mineral wealth, squandered our forests, and allowed the mighty forces of our streams to run out into an un-needing sea.
>
> But these are not an intimation of the worst of our dissipations, and indeed these wastes have been largely because of a deeper and more serious prodigality. We have let the very light within us become darkness, and the saddest of all

has been the wanton waste of all our moral powers, our finer emotions, and our religious enthusiasms, largely through sectarian divisions, denominational rivalries, and unrestrained caprice masking itself or deluding itself as a religious loyalty.

If one-thousandth part of our effort for redemption had been given to prevention, we should not now stand as we do, trembling, shamefaced, and bewildered before the haggard results of our own social havoc. Our most wanton profligacy has been the casting to the four winds of our ultimate power, the power of our religious enthusiasm and our spiritual impulse, because they were neither socially concentrated nor socially interpreted and applied.

Mr. Macfarland gives some grewsome facts enforcing this article. Three years ago a committee on missions investigated the state of Colorado, and they found on the one hand 133 communities varying in population from 150 to 100,000 souls without Protestant missions of any kind, 100 of them without Roman Catholic churches; 428 towns large enough to have postoffices, without any churches; while on the other hand there was found a town of 400 people, "and this but one of many like it," with four churches, all of them supported by home mission aid. This article enforces the painful lack of efficiency in the existing order among the churches. He says:

For a study in efficiency visit the average city on a Sunday night and measure the power of, say, one thousand people, scattered among twenty-five or thirty churches, when they might, with the contagion of human compact, be gathered into one, with a manifold and constantly increasing power which, with wise direction, would send them back to fill the empty churches (Sunday morning) whence they came and to become and to exert a social conscience.

He urges that over against this imbecility of division lie the united forces of vice. The writer, with grim satire, reminds us that "there are no Methodist saloons, no Baptist child-labor, Congregational vice, Presbyterian sweat shops, Episcopal Tammany Halls, or Seventh Day Baptist gambling houses. When the forces of religion and morals profit by the simplest lesson in the industrial world,—that combination and not competition is the road to efficiency,—a new impulse and a new day will dawn for religion and morals.

The following modern interpretation of the great beatitude is given a display page in the *Biblical World*. We cannot afford the space given it by our more ample monthly exchange, but it deserves a place in UNITY, which in its own way strives in some modest fashion to merit the sub-title of the *Biblical World*, viz.:

A JOURNAL OF THE AWAKENING CHURCH.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART—

For they shall build up the circulation of their magazines by pandering to unholy curiosity?

For they shall grow rich by making the theater the champion of lewdness masquerading as art and moral teaching?

For they shall persuade a generation of wives and daughters to dress like the actresses of Paris?

For they shall make modesty an anachronism and immodesty a convention?

These seem to be completions which our day gives to the Beatitude of Jesus. And these are the abominations which a really Christian public opinion would instinctively reject as deluding and debilitating.

The pure in heart will not trifle with modesty or deck out pruriency with the fig leaves of science and art.

The pure in heart—shall see God!

And if that vision has no attractions, neither will purity of heart have attractions.

Create in men clean hearts, O God!
And renew a right spirit in women.

We print this week on our front page, somewhat condensed, a sample of the posters published by the "Think-It-Over" Poster Committee, Cambridge, Mass., whose work is further described by our colleague, Dr. Crooker, in another column. Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, 11 Mason Street, Cambridge, chairman of the committee, writes:

I should think Illinois ripe for a poster campaign by the many letters that come to us. Our idea is to make common cause with the social workers everywhere. There arises every night over this land the desire to get together and have a good time, and we, the people, allow the liquor dealers to tie this desire to get together and exploit it to their gain. Is there not a more intelligent solution of the problem? Not until the average man knows and feels that alcohol is bad and uneconomic. We are therefore trying to post the facts everywhere for thinkers and not for drinkers. I want to see Illinois try to establish a municipal recreation plant for each saloon it puts down.

We rejoice in this campaign estabished by a committee consisting largely of physicians appointed by the Boston Associated Charities, and pushed by Mrs. Tilton. Rational centers of recreation cannot be established in our great cities until the irrational saloon that masks as a social center is exposed as the most anti-social spot in the city, and unmasked. Let each city throughout the country follow the example of Cambridge and start a poster campaign. Send to Mrs. Tilton for samples, then improve on the same. Local printers can probably supply the demand as cheaply and with more local force. Here is work for the church to do together. We are informed by this committee that this posting crusade exists in France, and that Germany is conducting an educational campaign concerning alcohol in which the Kaiser joins. The mayor of Cambridge has ordered the long posters to be placed in all public buidings and suggests that the park commissioners be asked to place the posters on all the bulletin boards in all the parks. The State Federation of Women's Clubs in Illinois, at their recent meeting, by an overwhelming vote allied themselves to the dry side of the campaign. In no uncertain words they put themselves against the saloon, rightfully claiming that this was not a political but an ethical question. The resolution would not make them partisans in a political campaign, but it would make them elements, powerful and leading in a social reform movement. In Illinois the liquor forces are understanding the situation. They are aggressively engaged in organizing wet societies among the women. This is good news. Let the issue

be brought into the clear. Let the lines between wet and dry, haters of alcohol and the users of alcohol, be surveyed, and there can be no uncertainty as to the result.

How to Keep Alive

PROF. SWING: "Jones, do you want to live a long while?"
JONES: "I am going to stay around as long as I can."
PROF. SWING: "Here is a rule for a long life: Never stand if you can sit, never sit if you can lie down."

The above is a verbatim report of a conversation that occurred in an elevator as it was ascending one of the then skyscrapers in Chicago. The genial Professor Swing, the gentle man of the gospel, had taken the elevator seat, the less economic editor of UNITY was standing up. It was but a few days before the Sage of the Chicago Pulpit passed on. The indiscretions and physical impieties he had been perpetrating years back, when moved by the ambition of the undergraduate, caused the flashing blade of the spirit to wound beyond recovery the fleshly scabbard. He died young. Probably the above rule was exemplified in the burdened life; the conservative habits of the invalid minister enabling him to accomplish so much with so little strength. He stood at the storm center of Chicago in its most turbulent and exciting times, but he kept the even tenor of his ways. He was always calm while all around him were excited. His words were weighed in the balance of deliberate judgment, in the midst of excited and extravagant speech.

Surely these are some of the conditions of long life. Serenity, born not out of loneliness but out of wisdom. The deliberation that takes not council of the "issues of the day," except as they are tested in the light of the cenutries, analyzed by science and encouraged by prophecy.

If one would live long, he must conserve that stream of vital energy which flows always one way and never returns. The body is a mechanism, a delicate machine, the parts of which eventually must wear out. Is it not the demand of good engineering to put as little strain on the parts as is consistent with good work? We wonder if there is not a point in the life of the body when the chief concern should be conservation, not to over-strain heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc. We wonder if there are not many men, and women, too, passing into the gray, who unnecessarily excite these organs. Why tax them through long continuous hours, chasing after a little ball on the green? Might it not be better to conserve them by lying down and inviting sleep with the safe sedative of a wholesome book? There are reasons to believe that the boasted athletics of the modern university break more constitutions than they make. The champions of the gridiron are not proverbially long-lived.

But perhaps we speak of that about which we are not entitled to an opinion. Let the physicians prescribe the conditions of long life to the body.

The spirit is the engineer. Men and women daily die from inanition. The mind gets so stupid or frivolous, or feverishly excited over trivial and passing things, that nature gets tired of the show and simply closes the shop,—because it does not seem worth while to keep at such a trifling business. Surely a great ideal, a noble purpose, is life giving. "Give me a great thought that I may refresh myself with it," was the demand of the dying philosopher. Let those who would live long refresh themselves with great thoughts and drink generously of the fountain of love.

Let those who continually apologize to themselves, their neighbors and their God, for duties neglected, opportunities ignored, because they "are so busy!" "There is not time, don't you know!" cut out the things that are not worth while, omit the things that do not count, and there will be more time in the day and more days in the lifetime to do things that are worth while.

Life is a coy maiden; it does not like to be persued or sought. It gives its love to the preoccupied lover. To be anxious to live is to court death. To be afraid of death is to begin to die. Just to live, mindless of the length of life, is to realize length of days and bargain for "the best (which) is yet to be."

THE HERMIT THRUSH

Ihto the woods at eve I went
Alone, and softly trod,
To seek if haply I might hear
The violins of God.

A russet carpet for my feet
The tall, gray pine-trees shed,
And ghostlike in the balmy dusk
My silent footsteps sped.

When rich and sweet from fragrant heights
Rang out the clear refrain
As if an angel touched the strings
Again and yet again.

'Twas brimmed with all immortal things,
That poignant, liquid strain,
Life, death, and love, and fairyland,
And triumph over pain.

All earthly thoughts slipped from my soul,
Light mounting to the skies;
He little recks of care or woe
Who dreams in Paradise.

And that is why at eve I flit
Through pathways seldom trod,
Where haply I may chance to hear
The violins of God.

Methodist Recorder. —*Isabel Francis Bellows.*

The largest tree in the United States is said to be the "Mother of the Forest," a giant redwood in the Calaveras big-tree grove in California. It is supposed to contain 140, 619 board feet of lumber. There are, however, many claimants for the honor of being the "largest tree" and the "oldest tree," and these claims, according to foresters, can not always be verified.—*Forest Notes.*

THE PULPIT

Perfunctory Religion

A Sermon by
Rev. Victor Lynch Greenwood
Minister of Congregational Church
Great Bend, Kansas

"He is beside himself." Mark 3:21.
"Thou art beside Thyself." Acts 26:24.

The life of God in the soul of man was so real to Jesus and Paul that they struck off along new paths without consulting the powers that be.

Society was so conventional, men walked and ate and acted so according to a soul stifling etiquette, that these professional religionists did not know a human soul when they saw it. Paul was himself. Festus judged him beside himself. Paul was sane. Festus judged him insane.

The same with Jesus. The proper people of his day were always thinking of God, but when they met Him did not recognize Him. Jesus was so natural, so unconventional. But so artificial was society that this constituted a crime. He was himself, and so unusual a thing it was for a human being to live according to the laws of the soul life, that even his friend said, "He is not himself, he is beside himself."

So little is God in the life understood, that when we meet this natural divinely lived life, we shrink from fellowship with it. We are so careful to be proper at all times, that when we meet God He seems improper to us and we spurn Him. We writhe under the finger of ridicule that would tab us as "beside ourselves." This perfunctoriness in our religion is the dry rot that is the real cause of any waning interest there may be in our church life. The value of a minister to society is nil, the moment, Festus-like, he lives in a treadmill, doing seemingly kind things because he is expected to do them. Any religious society superintendent or secretary will tell us how much easier it is to work at saving others than to save ourselves.

In our over-organization, so perfunctory has been the life even of the average church member, that in the semi-consciousness of approaching death, the doctor and the minister seldom hear a word or see a sign to show that the soul has any conception of a life continued. The secret of Moody's power was a delightfully childlike absence of this religious perfunctoriness, so that when passing to the life continued he could say, "Earth is receding, heaven is opening, God is calling me." And did there not come a time in Phillips Brook's life when people wanted him more for what he was, than for anything he said or did? No slavish imitation had retarded the development of the man that from the first God had intended Phillips Brooks to be.

In Rauschenbusch's "Christianizing the Social Order," the author dwells on the power set free the moment this perfunctory attitude toward religion is left behind. He says:

> The force of will, of courage, of self-sacrifice, liberated by a living religious faith, is so incalculable, so invincible, that nothing is impossible when that power enters the field. The author of the greatest revolution in history made the proposition that even the slightest amount of faith is competent to do the unbelievable; faith as tiny as a mustard seed can blast away mountains.

Everything will yield God now to the soul if we will it. In a year when crops fail, this thought of oneness with God should keep us eminently sane. So long as there is no soul famine, so long as we hear the voice of the Father, "Thou art my beloved son," why fear because our food is a little plainer or our clothes a trifle more threadbare. Even this year the crops of Kansas, the cattle raised, the butter made, would amply provide for all our state population if our religion were less perfunctory and we knew how to distribute. In a family the children share alike at the table, no matter that some earn money and some go to school.

On a national scale this perfunctoriness in religion has just had strange illustration in England. Lieutenant General Chang of China went there some few months ago fully persuaded that the nation that took his people the Christ would never force upon them the opium now stored in Chinese ports. When ninety per cent of the members of the English Parliament, together with the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, extended their sympathy with his cause, he felt sure of success. And yet some four weeks ago he left England bitterly disappointed, the pressure of the business world upon the government being such that no move was made to do justice to the Chinese people.

So easy is it to confuse our anxiety to reform the world with a desire to advertise ourselves. Justice to our Chinese brothers becomes of less moment than keeping in office.

The speech of a perfunctory religionist can never carry real conviction. A religious leader must be first of all one in whom men can believe. Dan Crawford tells of traveling one day in Lubaland and finding a native who had known Benjamin Cobbe, a young missionary cut off before his time. Mr. Crawford was amazed to find that the native had promoted Mr. Cobbe to the literal rank of a God. Killed he was by fever, but something, some wondrous living light in his eye could never be killed. The negro without teaching understood this immortality of goodness. This glory song continued and he said, "Ah, when I am in a fix in life this is what I do. I just send up a prayer to Bwanna Cobbe as mediator and he will arrange it, for he has a big say with God."

Precisely in this way have men felt toward Jesus. The perplexed and the sinful have known that Jesus had no professional ax to grind. Because of this even his friends during his life could not understand his profound interest in outsiders. He actually seemed to like people of another faith equally with his own people. Judging him by themselves his friends expected him to show a perfunctory kindness and consideration for others, but instead he showed real interest. He seemed indeed to love all men. He showed signs of wanting to die for them. Truly said they, "He is beside himself."

Religious leaders today are much disturbed. In both England and America denominational growth is at a standstill. Churches are alarmed at their failure to attract as they did even ten years ago. Columns appear in every religious paper with explanation after explanation of this seeming decadence in religion. Many say that the pulpit too often misses the mark in seeking to contribute to the discussions of modern problems instead of urging "an immediate surrender

to Christ as Lord." But is it a question of sermon or lecture, evangelical appeal or the discussion of a problem? Have we not all heard sermons on "What shall I do to be saved," preached with such perfunctory unction that a real live man would choose rather to be damned? And have we not heard an R. J. Campbell talk on "Civic Reform" with such Christ living back of it, that men have cried, "What must I do to be saved?"

When the soul of the speaker is freed from the perfunctory in religion, and shines not by imitation but by receiving direct the light and love and grace of Almighty God, then even the problem presented brings men to their knees, crying, "What must I do to be saved, for without me God cannot save the world."

There is no merit in merely talking religion. There is no path of ascent that is not blood-stained. There is no brow of glory that is not thorn pressed. There is no hand of mercy that is not nail marked.

We remember a rather well known minister who at a conference meeting told dramatically and pathetically of laying his hand on the heads of young men and helping them toward the ministry. It was a very telling speech, but one young man present felt no inclination to shed emotional tears. The words uttered carried no power, for this young man was a member of the speaker's church and had actually asked that minister's aid in his struggle in college in preparing for the ministry, and he had not only not received any aid, but the refusal lacked even the saving grace of common courtesy.

So we recall the young men who in seminary with Phillips Brooks put him to shame, the evening he happened to be in prayer meeting, by their spiritual abandon and passion of speech. The next day, however, those same young men not only did not have their Greek lesson, but their recitations showed that they were habitually negligent in preparation.

In a recent novel we are introduced to a rough farm girl. She is coarse in feature, ungainly in figure, clumsy in her ways and altogether uninteresting. But a splendid specimen of young manhood crosses her life path. Months afterward the young fellow is out West and at the camp is a nurse. A nurse he does not recognize at first, so wonderful has been the transformation from the farm girl he had met in the East. "What have you done to her?" said he to the girl's friend, another nurse. "Well," she said, "let's begin at the top—her hair? A hair dresser explains that. Complexion? Treatment—massage. Hands? Release from brutalizing work. Figure? Well, that depends on—well—things, and how you put them on."

"Nurse," broke in the doctor, "You're all off. The transformation is from within and is explained by one word. Soul. The soul has been set free and has been allowed to break through. That is all—a soul, somehow on fire."

A simple, homely illustration, yet just that is how people get beside themselves and throw off the conventional, throw off what is perfunctory and shine not by imitation but by receiving direct the light and love and grace of Almighty God.

May we all go to confessional and receive for ourselves the enlightenment that shall unlock for us the gates of the universe and clothe us with a Saviour's power.

The Kingdom of Militarism

"All the wars that are in Europe have been fused together and become a single war." So wrote Gustavus Adolphus to Axel Oxenstierna in 1628 in the midst of the dreadful Thirty Years' War. Thus every man in Europe capable of bearing arms at that time found himself in one or the other two contending camps. As one surveys the nations of the earth in 1913, he finds that a fierce world struggle is on between civilization and militarism, and, as the issue becomes more and more clearly defined, every person is forced to cast his influence on one side or the other.

Consider some of the great "Military Powers." In Russia absolutism maintains itself by a million bayonets. Free speech, a free press and freedom of thought are impossible. To keep up the vast military establishment and support the autocracy, the people are loaded with crushing taxes. The ordinary methods of taxation yielding inadequate revenues, the Russian government has gone into the liquor business and encourages the citizens to drink vodka. The result is a constant increase of drunkenness and the debauchment of the people. Meanwhile in the barracks the Russian soldier is subjected to all sorts of cruelties and humiliations inflicted by his superior officers. In the Balkan states a veritable blood-mania has been let loose by war. Atrocity has followed atrocity so that we are assured that the forthcoming report of the Carnegie investigation commission will shock the civilized world. In Austria industry and trade are subordinated to militarism, and democracy travels an uphill road. In Italy the recent outbursts of militarism, the object of which was the seizure of Tripoli, has been followed by ominous mutterings of popular discontent and economic despair. Germany and France recently have made frenzied additions to their armies, either through lengthening the term of conscription or by some other method. Meanwhile the unemployment and relief problems in Berlin are more serious than for years. Moreover, the men who, had they lived before the Franco-Prussian War, would have become poets and scientists, and philosophers and publicists, now are soldiers. The immense increase in the German Socialist vote is a protest against "Kaiserism" and "militarism." The English mechanic is forced to live at a sub-normal food standard in order that the empire may maintain a two-power navy, while Lord Roberts and others are doing their utmost to fasten conscription upon England. In New Zealand and Australia there have been over 15,000 prosecutions of young men for refusing to drill since the Colonial Defense Acts became operative, April 1, 1911. Many of these lads have been imprisoned in military prisons, denied the rights guaranteed by civil law, and judged and condemned and punished under martial law. Under conscription, as in war, the laws are silent. Hundreds of young men even at this moment are undergoing punishments which would be a disgrace to any nation that would permit the infliction of such punishments even on the most dangerous felons. Militarism is in the saddle there and, with all the ugliness of brute force, young men are treated as the worst sort of criminals cannot be treated under civil law, all because these young men have scruples of conscience against bearing arms. In the United States, as in Europe, a Navy League and an Army League join forces with the American armor plate

trust (see article in the November *Pearson's* on "Patriotism and Profit") to agitate for the increase of the military and naval establishments and expenditures without limit.

Now when one examines Russian militarism, Balkan militarism, Austrian militarism, Italian militarism, German militarism, French militarism, British militarism, insular militarism, and American militarism, he discovers that all these militarisms are "fused together" and constitute one Kingdom of militarism. The aim and spirit and atmosphere of militarism are the same, whether in the barracks of New Zealand or in the Army and Navy Club of Washington. The people's money must be expended to provide salaries for a military aristocracy, or to ensure dividends for de-patriated corporations, no matter if war is precipitated and hundreds of thousands of innocent sons of mothers killed. Militarism is ruthless. Its cruelty has no bounds. Absolutism, dictatorship, spendthriftism, demoralization, man-butchery, must continue and increase if militarism has its say. Biology and economics must be thrust aside unheeded, and democracy, honesty, private and public, humaneness and morality, yes, civilization itself, perish if militarism prevails.

Already the world has progressed so far towards the organization of international justice and peace that the causes which, in earlier times, produced war, have dropped out. And war itself, being no longer necessary (if ever it was necessary), and having become an intolerable burden, very speedily would drop out were it not kept alive through artificial stimulation on the part of those who have personal interests at stake. We are learning where war scares are manufactured and for what purpose. We are gathering information as to the sales methods of armament manufacturers. We are collating the data furnished by Bourrienne concerning English factories making and selling French uniforms to France while hostilities existed between England and France; data furnished by Dr. Liebknecht in his revelations in the German Reichstag last spring; data as to stockholders in armament concerns. I am told that seven English bishops hold stock in armament companies, and that four of the noisiest agitators for conscription in England are stockholders in the same corporations. Manifestly "there's a reason" why some men cannot believe in the possibility of avoiding wars and why they refuse to support any attempt to help civilization forward in this direction.

Goodness is that which blesses the race, which promotes life, enhances mentality and refines and spiritualizes man; in a word, it is that which helps the race to advance farther and farther away from animalism and tends to the health and intellectuality and the socializing of men. Badness is that which tends to break down physical and mental and social and moral health; which lowers public and private standards, coarsens man's nature and renders him more embruted and less capable of brotherliness and idealism. Tested by this conception of goodness and badness, militarism finds little justification and infinite condemnation. And by the same standard, peace and justice and democracy and science are altogether good. Similarly we may classify men. As the sage of Concord said: "He is immoral who is acting to any private end. He is moral . . .Whose aim or motive may become a universal rule, binding on all intelligent beings." If, as Kant declared, right is "the sacrifice of self to good, wrong the sacrifice of good to self," then he is good who serves the common good, and he is bad who sacrifices his fellows' weal to his own self-gratification. All badness is selfishness in one form or other. And each single bad act contributes to one great kingdom of selfishness and helps to hinder the realization of an ever-improving civilization. Thus, as Dr. Adler suggests, a bad act has cosmic significance and reach.

We are approaching anew what President Wayland used to call "a switching-off place." (See Autobiography of Andrew D. White.) The issue is heading up—militarism or civilization, absolutism or democracy, waste or scientific conservation, brutehood or ethics, blind smashism or organized reason and justice. Which? Organized pacifism has increased almost incalculably in power of late. So has organized militarism. New reinforcing agencies have been created on both sides. The battle is bigger and hotter than ever before. It is at close range, too. It is not the struggle of one nation against another nation. It is the struggle within each and every nation, a struggle between civilization and brutishness which would destroy civilization. When the Fugitive Slave Bill was enacted, any citizen was liable to be called upon to assist in returning negro refugees to slavery. This stirred up Mr. Emerson against slavery, and six years later, when Charles Sumner was brutally assaulted in the Senate, he solemnly declared, "We must now get rid of slavery, or get rid of liberty." Similarly today militarism has become so powerfully organized, so money-bloated, so clamorous, so arrogant, and so insatiable in its demands, that we must either get rid of militarism or give up civilization.

So sharply defined has the question become that it no longer can be evaded. Shall one play the silly dupe or venal tool of "the interests," or shall one vote to continue the attempt to achieve civilization? There is no "no-man's land" of neutrality, no place for a "pacifico" or for non-combatants. One's influence counts either against or for militarism. Support withheld from pacifism strengthens militarism. Not to help the world to get over on a warless basis, means that one's influence is cast in favor of the continuance of the world's oldest and greatest curse—war. Pilate washed his hands carefully on a certain occasion, but his "neutrality" caused an innocent citizen to be done to death as a criminal, and the world rightly has pilloried Pontius Pilate in lasting infamy. President and Congressmen and voters need to give sober heed to the words of John Stuart Mill: "Let not anyone pacify his conscience by the delusion that he can do no harm if he takes no part and forms no opinion. Bad men need nothing more to compass their ends than that good men should look on and do nothing. He is not a good man who, without a protest, allows wrong to be committed in his name." Throughout the world today militarism and civilization are in desperate struggle. It is death for one or the other. Shall civilization continue and improve? Or shall militarism triumph, with its beclouding sophistries and economic unscrupulousness, its underhanded trickery and gainful deceitfulness, its "patriotic" disloyalties and ethical callousness, its smug autocracy and reeking blood-guiltiness?

In the United States the issue is presented afresh whenever the naval appropriation bill comes up for

consideration in Congress. Every year the problem is presented with greater clearness. With added information concerning the aims and methods of militarism, with cumulative memories of the militarists' efforts in past years to dupe our Congress and our citizens by this or that puerile war scare, with the strenthening of democracy, and the growing habit of thinking in economic and ethical terms, we are prepared, as never before, to strip off the mask from militarism, to judge it by its deeds rather than by its pretensions, to appraise it according to its contribution to or hindrance of civilization, and to condemn it because of its anti-science, its wastefulness and its wickedness. As Abraham Lincoln said in one of his debates with Judge Douglas, "It is the eternal struggle between the two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will continue to struggle." In his day mamonism incarnated itself in the form of slavery. The slavery issue finally was faced and settled and the kingdom of badness suffered a pronounced setback. To-day the kingdom of selfishness, with its money-lust and dominion-lust, assumes the form of militarism. In this new guise we must confront it and overthrow it or civilization will go down in unthinkable defeat. "We must now get rid of" militarism "or get rid of liberty."

CHARLES E. BEALS.

Chicago Peace Society, 30 North La Salle St.

CORRESPONDENCE

Not Proven

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:—

Whoever has read Miss Robbins' story, "My Little Sister," must have been stirred from the center to the circumference of his soul. The two girls, so unlike in temperament, reared in the seclusion of an English country home by a watchful mother; both beautiful, loving and innocent, who go to visit an almost forgotten and unknown relative in London, are waylaid at the depot and transported to an evil den in the great metropolis. Touched to the bottom of his sinful heart, in which shame is not yet extinct, an inmate of this place, a man, succeeds in getting the older sister away. The younger and more beautiful, the impulsive, childish Bettina is left. Neither her sister nor anyone else who knew her ever saw her face again. We are left with the impression that she died soon after from cruel treatment and anguish of spirit.

Especially are we moved to anger (and I confess to swearing) at the slowness, the helplessness and uselessness of the police in such a crisis. Nothing seems to have been done by them. It was only when Bettina's lover came to London that the house was found—but then, alas, too late! The inmates had flown with the poor child to France.

It was while smarting under the lash of this story—for it is intended to be a whip for society in general and all of us in particular—that I chanced to look over the *English Review* for June, 1913. Mrs. (or is it Miss?) T. Billington Greig there writes of the "Truth About White Slavery." I quote the opening words: "The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1912 was carried by stories of the trapping of girls. It was brought about almost entirely by the statement that unwilling, innocent girls were forcibly trapped; that by drugs, by false messages, by feigned sickness, by offers of help, girls were spirited away and were never heard of again; that these missing girls were carried off to houses of ill-fame, there outraged and beaten, and finally transported abroad to foreign brothels."

To test the truth of these statements this English woman undertook an investigation which I shall do no more than summarize—especially as I note in the current number of *Public Opinion* that the article of the *English Review* is mentioned and quoted.

First the attempt was made to get facts from speakers and writers who had averred that trapping cases were known to them. The result was that not one single case was well proven. Conjecture, hearsay evidence and suspicious circumstances were reported, but none gave direct evidence, names, dates and details. "A cousin of mine was told it by the friend who met the girl at the station"—this is the sort of evidence furnished by these persons.

Next, information was sought from officials of vigilance societies, girls homes and similar organizations. All the cases of trapping reported by them were of the same vague and unprovable kind. One reply states: "We have had no such cases to deal with. During the last year many painful stories have been circulated respecting the decoying and drugging of young women. In each case reported to this office endeavors have been made to get at the facts, but I was not successful in tracing one of these rumors to its source." Another says: "We have not come across any cases of forcible trapping of unwilling girls."

Commissioner F. S. Bullock, the central authority in England for the suppression of the white slave traffic, declares: "I cannot call to mind a single case of the forcible trapping of a girl or a woman by drugs, false messages or physical force, during the last ten years that has been authenticated or proved. . . . I do not agree with the statement made in the House of Commons that white slave traffickers abounded in London before the passage of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill." This same authority further states his positive failure to run down any alleged cases of kidnapping. "Every story has melted away at the application of any serious test. Most of the stories come from hysteria or nerves."

Mr. Thomas Holmes of the Howard Association, and twenty-three years a Police Court Missionary, replies with an emphatic "never," when asked if he had known such cases. "I have never even heard of one except through common report. I have had nearly thirty years connection with the police courts, the prisons and the sweated women of London, and it is my conviction that the matter is grossly exaggerated."

Miss Cary, with sixteen years experience as probation officer in a London police court, is equally positive: "In every case known to me of a girl dragged down, she has been a willing though blind and misguided victim. . . . I have never found reason to believe that any girl is forcibly carried off."

Last comes the testimony of constables, sheriffs and police. All unite in saying that "they knew of no organized trapping—that no procurers have been prosecuted under the new act. All but one say that no missing girls have been found in the hands of procurers."

The upshot of the whole matter, so far as the painful story of "My Little Sister" is concerned, is that in

an exhaustive attempt to trace down to its source and verify one such case as that of Bettina, none could be proven.

"To know but little is better than to know so many things that are not true."

F. A. GILMORE.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 5, 1913.

A Mechanic Meditates

He beats me and I rail at him;
Oh! that I could beat him while he railed at me.
—*Shakespeare.*

"This is written by the exceedingly wise and highly distinguished so-and so; therefore it is well worth reading:" such, practically, is the exhortation to the reading public, which prefaces articles in our large magazines. In other words, literary power has not strength enough to speak for itself; truth must be labeled as truth. How otherwise shall the feeble-minded public discern light from darkness?

It is not the business of an author to think for people, but to compel them to think for themselves. If he cannot do this, he has no right to address the public.

The test of truth is this: Does it live—does it breed other truth? If it has this life in it, it will endure. If it has not, no insignia of prestige will bear it aloft; like some barnyard fowl, its flight will not surpass the force which flings it into the air. The inanities of the temporarily great have not been preserved, and the similar rubbish of our temporarily great resume their natural worthlessness sooner even than the perishable paper on which they are printed; second-hand magazines will scarcely bring the price of the material they are made of.

Labor is scarcely represented in our legislative bodies; it is even more conspicuously absent in the counsels of high literature. Clad in the best effort of mechanical art, emerging from stupendous greatness of building structure, it comes forth brazenly trumpeted and dies with the echoing reverberations of its announcement. Imagine the flippant disdain with which some poverty-stricken farmer would be received in the sacred precincts of the editorial retreat, supposing he could be admitted to audience. It was fortunate for Robert Burns that he did not live in an age of commercialism. Shakespeare, too, would not have had his productions accepted by a market which estimates art by the same measure it values stock, and attempts to measure thought in terms of cash.

Truth may, like a falling star, descend out of the innermost heavens, illumining our night of ignorance and degradation with the soft radiance of hope and joy; it may ascend in moaning thundering vibrations from the unfathomable abysses of hell, full of warning and sinister portent; it may be derived from the lowly insect, or the murmuring breeze may become articulate to the attentive ear; but whatever its source, truth is truth, omnipotent to save, infinitely alluring in the appealing splendor of underived beauty. The messenger of truth is as nothing; the message needs no credentials. No greatness of authorship can confer prestige upon the enunciation of pertinent facts. Nothing can add to the immortality of the real.

F. R. HAYS.

THE STUDY TABLE

Fall Books

From the *Macmillan Company* I get "American Ideals," by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Mr. Mabie was sent to Japan on exchange for a lecturer of that nation. This book is made up of the addresses delivered, with the exception of a chapter on American art. The intention of the book is to represent American character and life. It is in Mr. Mabie's peculiarly genial and chatty style, with which I am not particularly fascinated. A very large part of the volume will carry no meaning to the common reader. This, however, is the fault of the rapid evolution of American life. A great deal is said very charmingly, and most of it will gratify us old people, who lived all along back there when Boston was a literary center and Wendell Phillips was still prophesying. Very few people need to be told that education has undergone a great revolution, or that the professions have been opened to women. Mr. Mabie belongs in that middle class of writers who get almost above being magazine men, but, like Howells, not quite.

From the same house, also, I get one of the most startling books of recent date, "A Woman Rice Planter," by Patience Pennington. No sort of review can do any justice to this book, and it has simply one fault: it tells the truth exactly. I think that everyone who read Uncle Tom's Cabin should read "A Woman Rice Planter." It is a large part of the South under the camera.

From *Houghton & Mifflin* I get Miss Wiggins' last story, "The Story of Waitstill Baxter." This is not her best story, and it has such a diabolical representation of a New England father, that it takes all the author's genius to cover it over with the splendid pictures of female character, and two or three splendid young man portraits. On the whole I think you will not miss it to get this book, although I am sure you will not grow in grace while reading it. It is well to have a complete set of Mrs. Wiggins' books, anyway. It is a noble list.

E. P. POWELL.

WITHOUT

Once, in the twilight of a wintry day,
One passed me silent, struggling on his way,
With head bowed low, and hands that burdens bore,
And saw not how, a little space before,

A woman watched his coming, where the light
Poured a glad welcome through a window bright,
Set thick with flowers that showed no fairer bloom
Than her sweet face, turned outward to the gloom.

Yet when his foot, with quick, impatient stride,
But touched the step, the door swung open wide;
Soft hands reached swiftly out, with eager hold,
And drew the dear one in from storm and cold.

O love! whose eyes, from some celestial height,
Behold me toiling, burdened through the night,
Tender of every blast at which I cower,
Yet smiling still, to know how brief the hour;

Keeping within thy radiant, love-lit home,
Some glad surprise to whisper when I come—
'Tis but a breath till I the door shall win
And thy dear hands will swiftly draw me in.
—*Independent.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—One day with life and heart
Is more than time enough to find a world.
MON.—The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendant moment.
TUES.—We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.
WED.—What a sense of security in an old book which time has criticized for us.
THURS.— There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
FRI.—Who gives himself with his alms feeds thee,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.
SAT.—Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. —*James Russell Lowell.*

EMPTY TROUBLES

When I blow away a bubble, and then gladly watch it float,
I forget that I have trouble. It is like a fairy's boat,
But it's gone in just a minute,
For, you see, there's nothing in it;
Like an empty bit of nothing, lighter than a drop of dew,
Dancing sunbeams glimmer through it;
Very often, if we knew it,
Light might shine through troubles, too.

When you have a foolish trouble, why not treat it as a bubble
To be blithely blown away?
Just draw in your breath and blow it, and almost before you know it,
You will treat your task as play;
Even though it may be raining,
You may cease to sadly fret,
And contentedly forget
To be sighing and complaining.

Come, let's blow away our troubles as we blow away the bubbles
That so quickly disappear,
Leaving no sad traces here;
Trouble's gone in just a minute, for, you see, there's nothing in it,
When we give up sighing sadly
And keep looking upward gladly,
Speaking only words of cheer.

St. Nicholas. *S. E. Kiser.*

"Live for What You Would Like to Be at Sixty

If I were to start out to give advice to boys, my first would be, to live for what you would like to be at sixty.

Of course sixty looks to you a long way off; twenty-five, or even twenty, is "getting on," from your point of view, and forty is extremely old. But you will wonder, some day, how quickly sixty comes; and what you would be at that age (when some of you will still have a considerable time to live) will mean much. For if you aim to be a fine man at sixty, you will have to be a fine man through life. And let me say that you cannot trifle with such an aspiration. Every evil act, every evil thought, will count heavily against you, and you will remember to your deep regret every one of such things when you come to sit down and think over life at sixty.

Boys hate being too much preached to, but I do not mean this as a sermon. I am thinking of life as an educational question. The word education is one of the most meaningful of words. Its aim is to draw out of you the best that is in you. It cannot draw out anything which is not in you. But it can do its best. And you yourself must do this. The teacher can only help you a bit. The mere acquirement of information is a small thing. The gist of the matter is in the manner of acquirement and the use you make of the acquirement. If the manner and use do not produce character in the large, broad sense, your effort at education is a failure. For the only really valuable thing in this world is character. Every organization of any kind, bank, corporation, manufactory, church, government, or society, is on the lookout for character. If you have it, you need not fear that you will be overlooked, for the search is too sharp for character to conceal itself.

Thus, if you happen to lie awake at night, it is a good idea to think, "Am I producing the best character that is in me to produce? Am I doing my level best to keep in the right way my soul, that intangible something for which my body exists?" Every one can soar; every one can grovel. In the long race of life, when you slow up at sixty and begin to think over things, you will wish that you had always tried, at least, to soar. *Admiral F. E. Chadwick.*

St. Nicholas.

U. S. Mail Dogs

The United States has a 2,000-mile mail-route upon which dogs furnish the motive power during the greater part of the year. The trail runs between Cordova and Nome, Alaska. But for these swift and hardy animals the dwellers of the bleak northern peninsula during the long winter months would be without mail service. Even as it is, a ton or more of mail accumulates at Seattle before the first steamer's departure for Nome in the spring.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The Strength of Tiny Creatures

When compared with the strength of man, the strength of an insect is most remarkable indeed. For instance, the busy little ant can carry a load forty or fifty times as heavy as himself, and the ordinary beetle can propel a burden a hundred times its own weight. The insignificant house-fly gives a hundred strokes of his wings in about two seconds, thus enabling him to go a distance of thirty-five feet in that time.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all insects is the dragon-fly. It goes through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and can stop instantly, or change its course backward or sideways without lessening its speed or changing the position of its body.

One little honey-bee will hang suspended from a limb, while from his body a hundred others will depend —one holding to another, chain-fashion; and one cannot see that the first bee wavers or finds his load heavy. —*Our Dumb Animals.*

IN HARNESS

He died in harness! Faithful to the end!
Too hard, too hard the load! Had he no friend?
If Heaven awaits the dumb with rest and ease,
May there be pastures green for such as these!

Our Dumb Animals. *Alice Jean Cleator.*

When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, "that it is not the dwelling of a poor man."—*Selected.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A NEW LINE OF TEMPERANCE EDUCATION

Editor UNITY:—

May I commend to your readers a new movement for temperance recently started here by the committee organized by the "Associated Charities" of the city of Boston? This committee, of over a dozen eminent men and women (one-half doctors), has adopted the plan of popular temperance education by posters, which has been effectively used in some European places for over ten years. Some of these posters are large, with brief but startling statements in large type, to be placed on buildings, billboards and trunks of trees: the one I send, entitled "Alcohol," which I trust that you will print in UNITY, is printed on cloth to withstand rain and wind. There are many others, some with just a short sentence, small enough to be used, like Red Cross Stamps, on bundles and letters. Many towns and cities in the state have gone heartily into a year's campaign with these "Temperance Posters." This work is especially needed in view of the silence of the newspapers on the Drink Problem and the profanation of billboards and landscapes by the vast number of liquor advertisements with evil suggestions and false statements. Let me urge your readers to open correspondence with Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, 11 Mason St., Cambridge, Mass. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Roslindale, Boston.

THE MESSAGE OF ABDUL BAHA ABBAS

To the Editor of The Christian Commonwealth, London, England

My esteemed and kind Friend!

After journeying throughout the United States of America and the great capitals and metropolis of Europe, I have returned to the East. With the results of this trip I am most pleased and well satisfied;—because I met noble people and associated with worthy souls who are in reality the cause of honor and glory to the world of humanity. They were learned and wise; well-informed with the realities of events and the well-wishers of the human world; especially the advocates of universal Peace.

In these days the world of humanity is afflicted with a chronic disease. It is one of bloodshed, the destruction of the divine edifice, the demolition of cities and villages, the slaughter of the noble youths of the world of humanity, children becoming orphans and women homeless and shelterless! What calamity is greater than this! What crime is more heinous than this! What disease is more dangerous than this! What folly is more direful than this!

Consider that in former days there were religious wars, but now there are racial and patriotic wars fought at staggering expense and sacrifice. A thousand times, alas! for this ignorance, this blood-thirstiness and ferocity!

I became pleased with and grateful to the Societies which are organized in the West for the promotion of Universal Peace with whose presidents, officers and members I frequently conversed. I hope that the sphere of the activities of these Societies may become enlarged from day to day, so that the lights of the higher ideals may illumine all regions, the oneness of the world of humanity be proclaimed in the East and in the West, and the realm of creation may attain to composure and well-being. Those revered souls who are the servants of the world of humanity and the promoters of the cause of Universal Peace shall ere long shine like brilliant stars from the horizon of mankind, flooding the regions with their glorious lights.

In the past century Freedom was proclaimed, and the foundation of Liberty was laid in all the western countries. Praise be to God that the sun of Justice shone forth and the darkness of tyranny and despotism disappeared.

Now in this radiant Century in which the world of humanity is being matured, it is assured that the Flag of Universal Peace shall become unfurled and shall wave over all regions of the globe. This is the most great principle of Baha'o'llah, for the promotion of which all the Bahais are ready to sacrifice their possessions and lives.

Notwithstanding my bodily infirmity and weakness, I have traveled from East to West for the last three years. In every temple I cried out, and before every audience I raised my voice, for the enlistment of their sympathy. I declared the evils of war and explained the benefits of Universal Peace. I elucidated the causes which lead to the honor and glory of the world of humanity and told them of the ferocity and blood-thirstiness of the animal kingdom. I showed the defects of the world of nature and made an exposition of the means whereby the illumination of mankind is fully realized. I unfolded and caused the appearance of the foundation of the divine religions and proclaimed the teachings of His Holiness Baha'o'llah. I demonstrated the existence of God by irrefutable, rational proofs, and proved the validity of all the Prophets of God. I gave utterance to my inmost conviction that the reality of religion is the cause of the life of the world of humanity, it is the divine civilization and pure enlightenment.

By the explanation of all these principles my object has been no other than the promotion of Universal Peace. Praise be to God that I found hearing ears, observed seeing eyes and discovered informed hearts. Therefore I am well pleased with this journey.

But on the other hand the well-wishers of the world of humanity and the advocates of Universal Peace must make an extraordinary forward movement, organize important, international Congresses and invite as delegates the most progressive and influential souls from all parts of the world; so that through their wise counsels and deliberations this ideal of Universal Peace may leap out of the world of words into the arena of actuality and practical demonstration. It is true that this question is of paramount importance and will not be realized easily. However, we must take hold of every means until the desired result is obtained.

Fifty years ago whosoever talked about Universal Peace was not only ridiculed but called a visionary and an Utopian. Now, praise be to God that at this time it has assumed such importance that everyone acknowledges that this question of Universal Peace is the light and spirit of this age. But they state that the pathway to this much-desired goal is obstructed by a number of not clearly defined stumbling blocks, which, however, can be removed by intelligently and persistently educating the public opinion.

I hope the noble leaders of the world of humanity who are the divine bestowals amongst the nations, will arise with the utmost of effort and whole-hearted resolution to extinguish this world-raging conflagration; especially now that the blood of innocent people is freely shed in the Balkan States; the lamentations and the moanings of the orphans are reaching to the very gate of heaven, and the disconsolate cries and harrowing agonies of the mothers penetrate into our souls with the irresistable force of human tragedy. Thus through the endeavors of these guardians of the rights of mankind the world of creation may enjoy the repose of conciliation, the Banner of Universal Peace may be unfurled, the Tabernacle of the oneness of the world of humanity be pitched, all

mankind be gathered under the protecting shade, and the shining star of the eternal felicity and happiness of the world of humanity may dawn with the utmost of brilliancy from the horizon of international comity, and the luminous orb of the spiritual brotherhood of all races and tongues may illumine that united gathering of humanity with the ineffable light of God, throughout countless ages and cycles.

Translated by M. Ahmad Sohrab, July 19, 1913, Port Said, Egypt.

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SHE DIED FOR OTHERS

Greater love than this no man hath—that he giveth his life for his friend!

By that final test Nellie Connor, the heroine of the great Binghamton factory fire, where scores of girls perished in the flames, proved beyond all doubt her long, long affection for "her girls."

For thirty years Nellie Connor acted as forewoman in the Binghampton Clothing Company, balancing the "rights" of one hundred needle workers with the best interests of the firm. As time is measured, she lived fifty odd years, but Nellie Connor never grew old. A tiny little woman, hardly larger than a well-grown child of twelve, she unconsciously set fine standards for ten generations of operators.

"Her girls" honored her power to control, rejoiced in her merry kindness, "loved" the unvarying daintiness of her working-gown and the way in which she dressed her beautiful blonde hair. As the years grew more lonely Nellie Connor gave more and more of her leisure to church work and to reading books of the big, bright world she should never see. But always her deepest interest lay with "her girls," their lives, their problems, their hopes.

"I can not think what I should do without them—how I shall leave them," she would say, smiling.

Without warning the summons came on clanging gongs. From their posts of vantage by the open doors the forewoman and her deputy saw that this alarm meant fire!

"Girls, go out quietly," called Nellie Connor, standing alert and immovable at the second-story stair-head to guide and guard the file.

"Miss Connor, come . . . Nellie, dear, come!" cried her deputy as the last of the terrified workers in the lower room fled to safety.

The cheery answer pierced a wind-like roar.

"Nonsense," called the little forewoman. "I am going upstairs . . . I must see that everybody's safe!"

A momentary sight of the brave, small figure climbing the stair, a glimpse through the smoke-fog of the bright head passing a wind-swept doorway and Nellie Connor disappeared into the upper workroom where a hundred women still fought with death. For her there was never a chance. When the workers in her charge were doomed, she, too, calmly refused life!

"I can not think what I should do without my girls—how I should ever leave them," Nellie Connor had said, and, actually facing death, Nellie Connor still said it!

Ten of the rescued, dying in Binghampton City Hospital, weep not for themselves, but for their "forelady."

"Nothing you can say of her will be praise enough," whispered to me the lips that must soon be silent.—*Mary Boyle O'Reilly,* in *Louisville Herald.*

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD

The early radiance of a blue autumn day was filtering through the dusty shutters of Andromeda's window—Andromeda, the guest of a night, in the hotel of Evelyn, North Carolina.

For some time she had been dimly aware of the sound of wagon wheels in the street, when a reiterated knocking at her door aroused her to full consciousness.

"I mak' yo' faar, Ma'am," explained the petitioner—a gray-haired "uncle," bearing light wood and kerosene.

As he guided the first sputtering flames to a full and crackling fire, he chattered sociably,—

"Mistah Ev'ns he say he reckon yo' see Tah Heels today sho," he chuckled.

"Tar Heels?"

"Nor' Ca'lina folks. We calls oursel's Tah Heels, Ma'am."

"And what's going on today, Uncle?"

"Ole Confed'rets' Day, Ma'am. De town's done plumb full a'reddy!"

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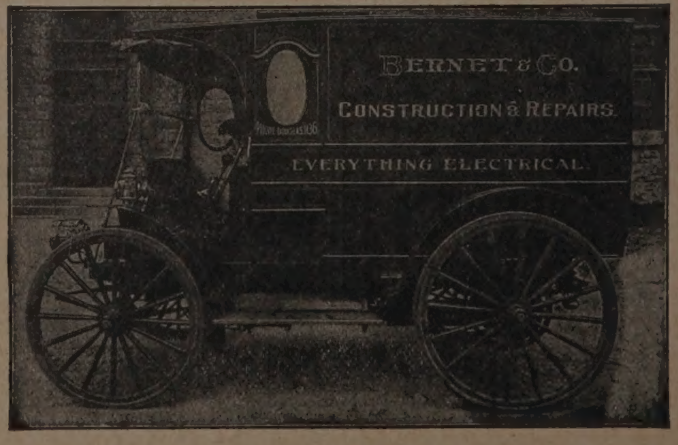

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